



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

Providence—The Ills of Life.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

How oft we murmur and repine
At what kind Providence hath lent,
And in our foolish wisdom think
That we could better things invent.

Men seemingly all strive to find
Some dead-fly, or base alloy,
To mar life's happiness and turn
To bitterness each cup of joy.

As dark spots on the dazzling sun
Attract the astronomer's gaze,
More trifling ills absorb our thoughts,
And hide ten thousand blessing's blaze.

Life's ills are to its blessings what
The dark spots are unto the sun,
Not noticed till Imagination's
Great telescope is turned upon.

Vain thoughtless man! dost thou presume,
To wiser than thy Maker be?
And thinkest thou canst order things
For greater good and joy than He?

Cease thy repining, learn to know
All things are good as good can be;
And couldst thou change them to thy mind
'Twould give ten fold of misery.

Go stop Vesuvius' burning crater;
Eruptions, true, you'll stop, perhaps;
Ten thousand greater ills it brings,
For earthquakes all in havoc wraps!

And thus it is with all life's ills,
Whene'er a slight one you'd abate,
Could you arrage them to your mind,
'Twould bring ten thousand times as great.

For The Lily.

Remember Me.

Before the parting hand I take,
I have this one request to make,
My friends of thee:
Since we must part, perhaps no more
To meet upon this earthly shore—
Remember, Oh! remember me.

We many pleasant hours have past
Together, but perhaps the last
This hour will be;
But still I will thy friend remain,
And if we never meet again—
Remember, Oh! remember me.

And now since we must part, adieu,
Remember that my prayers for you,
Shall ever, ever constant be,
That when your soul from earth is riven,
God may you kindly call to heaven—
Remember, Oh! remember me.

Z. A. D.

Southport, Ind.

From the Organ and Advocate.

To be Read by the Friends of Seamstresses.

Some one has said that "there are in New York alone, 20,000 women, between whom and ruin there is only a needle." In other American cities there is doubtless a proportionate number. The who subsist by the sewing in Albany is very great; and the most painful fact is, that this exhausting labor is bestowed for the barest subsistence. A kind hearted lady of our acquaintance has made inquiries as to their remuneration. Will it be believed that the seamstresses receive but twelve cents a dozen for making shirt collars? Referring to a late meeting in behalf of this class, in England the editor of the Weekly Record of the Temperance movement, pens an article in answer to this inquiry, "Have the drinking habits of the community anything to do with the condition of the milliners' and dressmakers assistants?" Let the Weekly Record's reply be attentively read:—

"We are much concerned to find that no speaker, on this evening, referred to the question, which to our mind lies at the threshold. How happens it that so many young women should be in so helpless a condition, and compelled to endure so much oppression? They are helpless, because they know that bad as the condition, and excessive as the labors, there are others ready to fill their places if they vacate them. How happens it that there should be such intense competition for an employment exposed to so many hardships? We affirm, and we speak from some knowledge on the subject, that the cause why so many of our young female population are driven from their homes, at an age when a mother's care and tuition are particularly required; when a girl needs that kind of education, and that example and kindness that a well regulated home affords, by the habits of those who ought to shelter and nurture her until she is physically and mentally strong enough to maintain a struggle with the world. There are among them many orphans and daughters of persons once in better circumstances—daughters of officers and clergymen—but these we believe to be exceptional cases, the great proportion of them being driven from home by the improvident and intemperate habits of their parents.

It is a mistake to suppose that intemperance is particularly attached to the very lowest class, or it is most fruitful in evil consequences to those who could stand unabashed at a dram shop, or sit down amidst the orgies of a beer shop. We believe the consequences to be equally serious among the higher class, who never exhibit any of the external signs of intemperance. If the private expenditure of our insolvents and bankrupts could be gone into, the public would be startled, as we have been, at the amount of the wine bills incurred by those who have scanty incomes and small establishments. Upon the trading classes the respectable drinking habits entail a fearful amount of evil. To indulge them, the education and future prospects of children are neglected.

Not long ago we became acquainted with a case which is but one of many very similar. A tradesman had built up in early life, by steady industry, a business which enabled him to bring up very respectably a son and three daughters. He put the son

in a profession, and the daughters were at home. He had fallen of late years into habits of dissipation, which led to disarrangement of his affairs, but the business was kept up by his wife, who was a clever and industrious woman. Three years ago she died, the poor man's habits became worse, and the business came into the hands of his creditors, and the daughters after receiving a good education, and after being tenderly cared for by an exemplary mother, were thrown upon the world at the ages of eleven, thirteen and fifteen. The two eldest went into dressmakers' establishment. — This is only one of the many ways in which drinking habits tend to destroy the prospects of the young.

The competition for employment of this kind becomes fierce; persons in this condition must obtain it or perish, and they must accept any terms. It is the continual pressure of young persons anxious to obtain employment that makes the competition, and the competition makes the oppression. It would not be possible to practice any continuous oppression upon a class of work-people if the numbers seeking work did not exceed the number of hands required. The true remedy is to devise some means by which the numbers seeking employment may be reduced by one third, and then, by the operation of the law which governs all commercial transactions, the remainder will be enabled to make better terms with their employers. They can then resist any oppression which their helplessness from excess of numbers, renders it easy to practice upon them at present. The employer will then learn to regulate his demands; and the young lady who pants to make her debut at a court ball will find she must give time for the execution of her orders. Now this very clear principle was ignored by the speakers as completely as if it had nothing to do with the matter; as much so as if no child had ever been sacrificed to the "modern Moloch in the valley of abominations" (to borrow a phrase applied to the system by the Bishop of Oxford) through the intemperance of parents.

We can undertake to show that it is a cause operating in two-thirds of the cases, and yet no word is said against the wine-bibbling and spirit-tipping of the class who give respectability to the drinking customs of society. The meeting was occupied without suggesting a practical remedy. To regulate the evil by act of parliament would be as abortive as previous attempts have been to regulate the wages, nor will the bishop and the clergy be able to preach it down. We hold, however, that the destruction of the drinking system would in a short time accomplish it. If the money were saved from drink, it would enable thousands of families to spend sufficient upon the education of their children, and at the same time release them from the necessity of early drudgery. — It would stimulate every branch of useful industry, so that employment would be more abundant, and the employees better paid and more independent. There is no class that would not be benefited, from the poor factory child up to the skilled mechanic. As there is not an evil existing in society with which intemperance is not connected in one way or other, so we hold that just in proportion as it is removed, will the condition of our people be ameliorated.

For The Lily.

Anna Linden.

What could she do, poor girl! Society had spurned her from its great marble palace, even from the threshold, and she was forced to wander through the human desert alone. She had no father, or brother, or husband to provide for her,—she was destitute,—she was too ignorant herself to instruct others, and if she had not been, she belonged not to the Barnacle family whose patronage is necessary if one would enter that avenue; her necessities were immediate,—what then could she do? True, she had no right to be found in this position. She was a woman and had no right to sully the fair fame of her sex by any attempt at self-subsistence. She had a right to learn a few arts by which to manoeuvre herself into the best possible establishment,—the only business right she had—and if she had any further ambition, to wear the most grotesque dresses and squander the most money of any of her set. But now she was most decidedly out of her sphere. And being thus out, what was she to do?

She thought herself relieved from all trouble on this score, while for many weeks the fever coursed rapidly through her veins and the physician shook his head as he counted the rapid throbings of her pulse. And then she would glide from the present to the past, and would murmur a prayer at her mother's knee and "prattle with her little sister of that glorious, fairy future when they would be grown up women. But these illusions have passed—the Death Angel has not yet inscribed her name on his tablets,—Life still holds her firmly in its grasp. The fever has purified her and clothed her with a new spiritual as well as fleshly garb, she feels that the shadows of her youth have been washed away and a new lease of life given to her, and she yearns earnestly to preserve this new sheet pure and unspotted. Her heart throbs with youth and energy, and she longs to win herself a place in Life.

But how shall she do it? She, a poor girl, exposed to insult, temptation, the reproach of her past life. As a man she could carve her way well through; for men have a right to work—and to be paid for it too. As a man she would have a right to enjoyment as well as to existence, for men have a right to a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. As a man she would be secure from insult, for men have a right to be poor, as a man she would have a right to think and act, and live, for all men are entitled to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. As Charlie Linden she could do much, as Annie Linden she could do but little. Why not be Charlie Linden then?

Her resolution was taken,—the transformation effected. Charlie Linden soon found employment. His hands were rather small, 'tis true; but then they were skillful and adroit,—his employers could hear him easy enough though his voice was not the deepest bass, indeed his full musical tones were far pleasanter than the gruff indistinct voice of his predecessor—his duties were less onerous than those of a laundress or housemaid and therefore not exceeding his strength, and his employers were well satisfied with him, while he was somewhat amused at the rise in the market value of his services which his coat procured him. So some years passed away, Charlie earned his money easily, paid his way honorably,—as women generally do, maintained his self-respect, and congratulated himself on having found the philosopher's stone, which alone could secure to him the rights of a human being.

But Charlie was betrayed. A whisper arose that Society had been deceived, and that a woman had been secretly sharing in the exclusive leaves and fishes reserved for the sterner sex;—earning them as a right instead of receiving them as a gift. What treason! So dangerous an example should not be passed lightly by least it might serve as a precedent to others.

And so Annie Linden—Charlie no more—was seized by the strong arm of the law as she was quietly reading in her own room. She remonstrated,—she had supported herself honorably, she had wronged no man, she had broken no moral law, she had done nothing worthy of judgment, why could she not be left then, to pursue her way in peace. She had assumed this garb from neces-

ity, not from choice. Alas! she had sinned beyond forgiveness; she had encroached upon the inalienable birthright of man; the lion's share of the world. Her pleadings were in vain; she was forced to the court-room amid a throng of eager, curious spectators, there to be accused by men, tried by men, and judged by men. Alas! that no woman, learned in the law, could be found then to plead her sister's cause, as none but a woman could plead it and to soothe her wounded spirit in this extremity! The sacrifice of her all barely sufficed to save her from a felon's doom, and destitute, without resources, with the odium of a public trial clinging to her, she was cast again upon the rough world to struggle with its temptations.

Poor Annie Linden! Thou art lost among the sea of unfortunates! We know not thy fate, whether thy energy and self-respect have kept the pure amidst increased perils, or whether, weary and disheartened, thou hast succumbed, and art now numbered among the lost ones of earth! But thou hast left a monument which the storms of prejudice cannot wash away.

Here is proof positive that there is a wheel out of place somewhere in our social mechanism. It may be that women as well as men have a right to bear the heat and burthen of the day. It may be that they have a right to equal incentives and encouragements. It may be, too, that they have a right to their sex and a right to be self-dependent as women, as well as men. Necessity makes women very weak or very strong, and pent-up rivers are sometimes dangerous. Look to it!

MARY WARRINGTON.

New York.

For The Lily.

The Intellectual Capacity of Women as compared to Men.

S. M. Grimke, by whom many years ago, I was awakened to the true position and character of woman, in some of her remarks in a letter to G. Smith admits the intellectual inferiority of woman. Although on reviewing her remarks I find her admitting that the position in which woman is placed in society, as the cause of the lack of intellectual strength, and mental endurance. This I most readily admit; but I verily believe did I think our Divine Creator made woman as woman inferior to man I should never aspire to any excellence either mentally or spiritually. I am very anxious, if these sentiments do really exist, that they should be swept away as the dew before this sun of light that is gilding our horizon, for I believe it is the basis of this superabundance of the tender mercies of the law that our kind brothers extend over us in case we lose our best friend, as well as the cause of our not being permitted to enjoy many of the benefits of society that our brothers enjoy. It is the basis, (or slave-holders hold it as such) of American slavery, this inferior intellectual capability. We know that man has the more physical strength; we will not ask why. He is to build houses, women to inhabit them, rear children, and if her domestic duties are properly performed, who will say it does not require more mental energy than the usual avocation of man's life? Our Creator does adapt the means to the ends required. We know that physical weakness brought on by diseases is uncongential to mental improvement in either in man or woman. But who of us that are mothers, has not witnessed the roistering blustering hobby-horse boy, that could digest fat pork and pound cake, without an idea reaching beyond the good things of life, while his peculiarly delicately organized sister would put questions that it would require wisdom from above to answer? And, again, while the boys have been hunting the slate to solve some problem put out, has the girl exclaimed, I know it?

A gentleman, a friend of the writer of this, in N. Y. State, and who is justly celebrated for his justice to women, as for his great learning and scientific attainment, as his certificates that embellish his house testify, from the most scientific literary society in Europe as well as elsewhere, has been heard to say, that in many of his most severe researches, he has been assisted, and in many cases problems entirely solved by his wife, and she was too, particularly delicately constituted, never walking across the floor or even sitting up for years.

That I would in a few words at this time exhort our dear sisters to believe that they can do, and they can. I know that the wrong bias of society has had its sad effects upon us, but if we find ourselves deficient in any department that our lot calls us to fulfil, try and see if it is not possible with all our disablements to fulfil it. And suffer not ourselves, if possible, to avoid it, to be defrauded out of our, in many cases hard earning, at the death of our husbands. The law will come with its thousand and one tender mercies, and executors, with their *disinterested* kindness. Woman suffer not thyself to be defrauded. Educate thyself for thyself, God never called thee to fill any station but he gave thee capacities to fill it.

M. S. BEATTY.

From the Warren Republican.
WOMAN.

While there is much to agitate the public mind of the present day, are we wrong in claiming that woman should feel a deep interest in the great matters? We think not. All will admit that she should feel enough interest to read and investigate for herself. Although her voice is scarcely heard beyond a limited circle; a few friends perhaps with whom she associates; yet we think it not only a privilege but a duty to inform herself in the great political questions of the day. If they are of such vital importance to us as a nation surely they are of some importance to her as an individual.

We think if woman was informed in regard to the Constitution, laws, and institutions of our country; she would make a better companion, counselor and adviser, but would be much better qualified to educate and instruct her children;—for how can she instruct them in the things that her mind has never had the least conception of? We find some amongst us that are becoming more liberal minded, are willing to "think and let think," provided women don't think too loud.

We are living in a progressive age, the noon, as it were of the nineteenth century, and we think that whatever tends to unfold the faculties of the mind, to improve talent or to increase useful knowledge in any way should be cultivated and encouraged. And we believe that God has given woman powers of mind, or endowed her with sufficient intellect for doing much good in the great work of Temperance and Freedom. Much is said in regard to her using her influence in favor of Fremont and the freedom of Kansas. Must she be content to exert only a little private influence on this great question? must the deep feelings of philanthropy be caged up, or remain dormant?—We think not.

"With equal rights, and equal laws,
She could aid, in freedom's cause."

Permit us for a few moments, to exercise a little mental philosophy; for we believe in human rights and we believe too that woman's rights are as sacred to her as man's are to him. And notwithstanding she has been looked upon as a subordinate portion of creation,—we think her a rational moral being capable of acting for herself.

If mental inferiority (as some say) renders her subordinate to man, then upon this principle we may say slavery is right, and should be upheld, for all will admit that the master has "superior mental organization" to the slave. Then upon the principle the forming of the government should be in the hands of a few select persons that are endowed with the mind, and exclude the great mass from any participation in lawmaking, whatever. Would this be true Republicanism?

Now it is well known that woman has to abide the law; she is not exempt from paying taxes on account of mental inferiority, or weakness of her sex. And why should she be excluded from having a voice in that which so immediately concerns her? How willingly would our American wives and daughters aid bleeding Kansas now when freedom calls so loud for help, and civil war is threatening our land. Could not woman do some good in this great work?

She is ever opposed to war, and her voice in government would contribute much to the preservation of public peace. We need not talk of "Independence or State Equality" when the curse of

slavery is spreading like a loathsome disease over our new Territories.—for slavery is State in-Equality.

It grieves us to see intelligent women excluded when a host of ignorant foreigners, that can scarcely lisp the name of Buchanan intelligibly, have as good a right as the best of men.

We think if woman could have had a voice in making laws, we would never have witnessed the evils of intemperance as we have done; but we would have had a good prohibitory law years ago. Men need not complain of deficiency in Republican votes, when one half of community are disfranchised; most of whom would vote for freedom.

A FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

A Happy Life.

"I have had a very happy life," remarked a lady to us the other day. How many ladies of fifty, looking back to the past, can say with a true heart, "I have had a very happy life?"

There may be a little curiosity to know something of the circumstances of the person who made this remark, and as this is a little gossip strictly between "our readers" and ourselves, we think it is perfectly proper to gratify this feeling.

The lady was over fifty, she was not a fashionable lady, we question whether she ever wore, when most extravagantly dressed, the value of thirty dollars about her person,—no; rich clothes, silks, laces and finery, did not make up her happiness; she owned a house, but it was furnished plainly, rich carpets, costly furniture, had nothing to do with the remark,—she wasn't married, no husband's love, nor children's smiles, had made up her happiness; a life of ease and comfort freedom from care and toil had not constituted the happy life of which she spoke, for hers had been a busy life, a life of labor—and it was because it had been a life full of labor, that it had been happy.

Time had never hung idly on her hands; standing on the mount of retrospection, and looking back on the half century passed, no ghosts of idle hours rose up to haunt her. She had labored to the best of her abilities.

Family she had none, no children claimed her care, no husband her love, and instead of growing selfish, and letting her thoughts center upon herself, her great heart took in the whole family of humanity, more especially its women and children, and it is said, "I will toil for you, life is earnest, it is for something better than clothes, than food for the perishing body."

And so she lived, she walked by the light, as she saw it, and if some called it an ignus fatus, if some called her a visionary, an enthusiast, she heeded them not, she went on strong in her purpose, swerving not from the course God appointed for her to pursue—claiming for herself "the birth-right of every being capable of receiving it, the freedom, the religion, the intelligent freedom of the universe, to use its means, to learn its secrets as far as Nature has enabled them, with God alone for their guide and their judge."

And if her thoughts were chimerical, her opinions strange, her course unwomanly, the result has been, what so few have been able to attain,—a happy life.

How few, decked out in jewels, rustling with silks, with whom life is as a gay festival, from ball to dinner from dinner to midnight supper, from city to conventionalism and dissipation, to seaside fashion and frivolity, can say at fifty years, if indeed they ever reach that age, that their life has been happy.

Yet these would look with something like contempt upon this woman with her "outré" notions, her unfashionable attire, her life of professional labor, her fearlessness of rebuking wrong, and sin, her carelessness of what they would call the decencies of life. Yet contrast the two lives, and which in the eye of God stands nearest the life, a woman true to herself and the great ends of existence, should lead?—*Ladies Enterprise*.

Little passions do not profoundly disturb the soul; they are like the breezes which ripple the face of the waters. Great passions, stormy tempests, agitate the sea, even to its depths, oft wreck the vessel and marines, sometimes carrying them afar off into newly discovered regions.

The Voice of Nature.

Every passion and faculty of our nature has language. Pleasure smiles, mirth laughs, joy sings, anger raves, love caresses and sorrow weeps.

When these avenues of expression are closed, and these emotions cannot find their natural vent, the person is convulsed with far keener experiences than those who can give voice to their passions, and thus obtain relief.

It anger burns, how it releases one to act it out, even though it be upon some inanimate object, like rending the clothes, as they did in holden times. The roar of the lion doubtless relieves his rage—as the song of the lark gives voice to her joy. How insignificant a thing will excite the mirth of children in school or adults in church, where laughter is interdicted.

We often read of persons who have died of a broken heart—or excess of grief. An interesting instance of death from grief occurred in this city within the present month (Sept., 1856.) About the first of the month, Mrs. Bird, a widow lady, of Henry Street, died, leaving a son about fifteen years of age, who was exceedingly devoted to her. He saw her expire without a tear—he followed her to the grave, but still he wept not. He said little or nothing, declined to take food, and in two weeks he was laid by the side of his mother.—None can appreciate his tearless agony except by its sad results. Sorrow cannot always be measured by tears, though it is generally relieved by them.

On the same principle, weeping is the voice of sorrow. When the spirit is almost crushed with grief, and hope and joy seem to be shut out forever, a "flood of tears" will clear our mental sky, and the sun of hope beam forth again joyfully.—But there are those who cannot weep, and their sorrow seems like pent-up fire eating out the life. Byron expresses the feeling most graphically:

My soul is dark, oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear,
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
But let its tones be wild and deep,
Nor let your notes of joy be first—
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst.
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long,
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once, or yield to song.

Life Illustrated.

For The Lily.

Home and Children.

I have a home a pleasant home,
Where little happy faces;
Do gladden hours as they come,
And fill the room with graces.

And as I dwell upon the joy,
I feel with those so dear;
This pleasure felt without alloy
To mark affection's tear.

I love to see a joyous child,—
And oft will take a part,
In sports so innocent and mild
That fills its youthful heart.

I love to feel their fond embrace,—
And oft affections tear,
Has left an impress on my face—
"I know they are sincere."

I love to see those little eyes;
With joyous laughing love;
They are as angels in the skies,
"For there is purity above."

Yes cheerful hearts and feelings pure,
In my bright home to cheer me;
And warm affection will endure,
While these dear ones are near me.

LAURA.

A Schenectady paper, speaking of the effects of a squall on a canal boat, says: "When the gale was at the highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

From the Ladies' Enterprise.

Mr. Fitz Fudge, AND HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY IVY STARR.

"Let me see, am I perfect *au fait*—spotless collar, elegant whiskers, moustache, superb gloves, boots—well, I presume I shall make an impression if I try. Yes! I think I'll propose this morning. I expect the beautiful Miss Anna is impatient to have her destiny sealed by me. She is very pretty—a little to smart, but I can cure that, and I'll bestow the honors of the Hon. Mr. Fitz Fudge upon her. Now for the finale."

"Fly round, Betty! it's the last time I am to superintend here. This time next week I shall be in my own house, I suppose, and mama will make you chief cook and butler. Why, what are you crying for? I am not gone yet."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Betty, wiping off the drops of honest affliction, "I can't let you go no how, Miss Anna."

"But you will see me every week, Betty. Now put this turkey into the oven, I have prepared everything for dinner myself, and there's the door-bell; some caller, I presume. Mr. Fitz, Oh dear!" soliloquized Anna, what has that fop called for?"

"Good morning, Miss Carlisle, how is your health this morning? charming! I should presume, from your looks," and Mr. Fitz rattled on till his stock of compliments was exhausted, and he concluding that he had made sufficient impression, made a pompous offer of his hand and heart. As the fair Anna did not speak, overcome probably at the happiness thus offered, Mr. Fitz drew out his eloquent handkerchief, and dropping theatrically upon one knee, seized the white hand of Miss Anna—upon which he might have imprinted a kiss, but he didn't. Instead thereof he suddenly resumed his perpendicular, seized his hat and cane, and left at an unheard of pace, leaving Anna in convulsions upon the sofa.

"Oh, mamma! poor Fitz," she exclaimed, rushing into her mother's room, "my hands will be the death of him."

"Now, Anna, what freak have you been about? Bah! the horrid onions, take your hands away, for mercy's sake."

"Oh, I did it on purpose; I could not help it.—Tom Arnold told me he was coming soon to propose, and you know what pride the fellow has, trying to make out that his mother was some Italian nobleman's daughter, when every body knows she kept a little shop and sold fish and onions. Only last week some one sent him a string of them, telling him they came from his grandfather in Italy. If he was not ashamed of his origin, no one would remind him. But it is the only way to take down his self-conceit; and seeing some in the kitchen when Betty announced him, made me think of it. Oh, if you could only have heard the oration I was favored with! But I am rid of him now; I know my new perfume will not agree with his delicate nerves."

I believe Anna did remember the elegant Fitz, when one month after her numerous friends received invitations to attend her wedding with her long absent lover who had returned home with a good fortune to share with his bride; but he did not deign to notice it. Some time afterward he found one as silly as himself who was glad to get him and escape being an old maid. And if he did turn out a miserable pauper at last, it was no fault of Annas who lived in happy contentment with her kind husband, and but seldom alluded to the freak of her youth.

We should not forget that "the kingdom of Heaven is within;" that it is the state of the affections of the soul; the answer of a good conscience: the sense of harmony with God; a condition of Time as well as of Eternity. What is really momentous and all-important with us in the present, by which the future is shaped and colored. A mere change of locality cannot alter the actual and intrinsic qualities of the soul. Guilt and Remorse would make the golden streets of Paradise intolerable as the burning marl of the infernal bodies, while Purity and Innocence would transform Hell itself into Heaven.—*White*.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

WANTED.

TWO COMPLETE SETS OF THE UNA, for which a good price will be paid. Any person having one or more volumes, or volumes nearly complete, that they are willing to dispose of, will confer a favor by communicating the fact to the Editor of The Lily.

THE SEVENTH NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION, will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y. City, on the 25th and 26th of November inst.

On behalf of the Central Committee.

LUCY STONE, Sec'y.

ILLNESS;—THE LILY;—EXCELLENT CONTRIBUTORS ACTIVE FRIENDS;—NO MORE TROUBLE;—LADY PHYSICIANS.

We have been obliged, deeply as we have regretted it, to suspend our paper for the last two numbers, on account of illness. And we earnestly trust that our numerous friends will excuse our delinquencies. We hope that all who are really and truly interested in The Lily, will not be impatient at the delay; that the mantle of sisterly consideration will extend between us.

It is with a glow of peculiar pleasure, indeed, that we resume our pen, and attack with hearty zest the accumulated pile of letters and communications we find upon our table. Excellent articles we find, from our ever true, and one of Woman's steadiest friends—Jane Frohock,—from C. L. Hill,—“Leonie”—“Mary Warrington”—“Lisa” Adaline T. Swift and G. W. Knapp. And from many other quarters, we have assurance of the most untiring zeal, and much tangible proof that THE LILY'S friends will be more active than ever. To many of our friends, we can but, in this way return our thanks, our heart-warm thanks. While you thus take away the probability of the heavy cloud of anxiety and care cramping our thoughts and labors you add to us the ability to make our pages more and more replete with excellent articles from a numerous list of talented contributors.

We never felt deeper interest or more thoroughly alive to the interests of the Woman's movement—and although we write for the sake of the earnest, unretarding and often homely truth, although the every-day interests, the every-day excellencies, the every-day beauties claim our first attention, our warmest heartgushes,—although we have more to do with the Woman of Toil, of active and earnest life, than the woman of leisure, thoughtless devotee at Fashion's shrine, still we yield to none in earnest sympathy with whatever is sweet and noble and beautiful in human character, in Home or in Earth.

We cannot close this brief converse without speaking a word of Lady Physicians and expressing our pleasant conviction that Woman was surely intended for Woman's Physician. And particularly of our friend Dr. Mary F. Thomas, who is now located in our city, and is, we are pleased to know, gaining a desirable practice, which her attention, industry, perseverance and ability well deserve.

THE SIBYL, Mrs. Hasbrouck editor, published at Middletown, N. Y. comes regularly now, devoted to reform, and is full of life and spirit. May its shadow never be less; may the fountain of sprightliness that must lie in the editor's heart never be dimmed.

The Temperance Cause.

In the present political excitement, engrossing as it does all minds in its momentous issue, the still advancing question between Slavery and Freedom, and having the looked-to election day for the hand to hand struggle, other subjects lie neither dormant nor sleeping but growing.—when the human heart sends up one great earnest throb for freedom, there is a growth of being, an expansion of soul that enables the mental eye to see more clearly through the web of human rights and duty in every branch and interest of society, and grasps with greater readiness and skill the levers that moves the mass to think and accept truth. The eye that is clear and discerning in one particular cannot be very narrow in others, unless an interest or some peculiar prejudice weaves a scale to darkly cloud the vision. Let a blow be struck any where, for Liberty and the whole waters of oppression quiver to their verge. Let but one tongue enunciate, timely a truth that touches the heart-core of millions and it shall never, never, die. Though it may suffer and seem quelled, time but adds to its strength, and anon it will sweep the earth with its mighty wing and gather to its heart the anchor of success, the hopes and interests of a toiling populace.

Thus it is with the temperance question; though the issue between the political parties has monopolized the efforts of the active people, those who hold alone the power to work efficiently, yet it shall not suffer. The great truth of Total Abstinence is ripening in the souls of men. And with woman too, the intuitive feeling that her hearth and home and love should be sacred from the blasting destroyer's poison, is being worked out in her actions and her teachings at home to the nestlings, and abroad to brethren, like a word of Power that will last forever.

PHASES OF THE INTERIOR LIFE; OR A STORY OF THE HEART.—An Autobiography.

“It is the fall of the sands of time arrested in the hour-glass of life. It is the out-flowings of anxiety—the musings of melancholy—the warm gush of prayer—the outbursts of gratitude and praise: all the feeling notes of nature that lives, loves, suffers and invokes. In a word, a written soul!”

“Thou knowest the burning tears that have been mine, The soul's deep agony—the pain of love neglected, friend Divine!”

An earthly faith hath failed, let me repose on thine. And take thou me to dwell where the storm beats not, Where the weary rest, and where the heart, sick with distrust, May never love to well, nor weep a faithless one, Or grieve to part with its poor crumbling idols.”

Our acknowledgements to the author for a copy of her little volume. It contains many sweet, sad, but hopeful thoughts, and is peculiarly beautiful for its tone of sincerest trust upon the Heavenly Promises; and its interest to us was enhanced by our knowledge of the diligence and personal labor of the author whilst getting it out. We cannot state the price, but those who would like to encourage woman's efforts and industry can send to ALMIRA GREGORY, Ithaca N. Y. and procure a copy.

THE WINCHESTER CONVENTION.—We have not yet received the minutes of this meeting as we hoped, but have been informed by a lady who was present that there was a spirited meeting. Mrs. Emie B. Swank was in attendance and Mrs. Underhill, of Indianapolis we believe.

The meeting was appointed to be at Winchester again next year.

We are assured that our friend M. S. Beatty quite misapprehended S. M. Grimke's meaning; as we do not at all consider she admits woman's mental inferiority. She holds to a difference of mentality between the sexes; while Geret Smith and many others of talent and research acknowledged no sex in mind.

Whether, if when woman shall be free from either direct or indirect hindrances to equal educational advantages, she will as a class, as generally pursue the abstruse and ambitious departments of study and perferment, cannot now be determined, as her opportunities have been all so mingled with the idea of submission to a superior humanity than her own; nor is it, in our view, necessary to our purpose to settle the question, since her interests, her needs, her pleasures and sufferings, her soul's importance in sight of Divinity, her mission on earth and destiny hereafter if not identical, are the counterpart. We conceive it to be more necessary not to establish her individuality, but obtain a practical acknowledgement of it, in civil as well as social society. That her nature may have its influence, her will its force and her interests correct representation in the national as in the private family.

Lectures for the Winter.

Our correspondent George W. Knapp, whose contributions will be remembered by our readers,—proposes to lecture through the West this coming winter, wherever requested, before Lyceums, Associations, &c., on the different subjects of “Political Philosophy and the Science of Government,” Science and Religion” and “Price of True Greatness.” His post-office address is Big Flatts, Chemung Co., N. Y.

Advertise.

Our columns are always open for advertisements from women who desire to obtain situations, in any department of occupation. Thousands of hands want work, and work there is, enough for thousands of hands. Women wish to work—they desire occupation in employments congenial to their taste or ability, at which they can make themselves useful as well as independent.

Every heart desires to do something that will win the love and praise of the world they live in. And this is right and noble and beautiful. The earth was given to us to “subdue,” and every heart and every hand have a mission in it, worthy of the noblest effort and the most persevering zeal.—Look abroad through nature at the constant strife after beauty, symmetry, strength, life. Wonder you then, that in woman's soul, lives the undying wish to do, to be; to write her name on renown's banner, or duty's scroll, “above all Greek or Roman fame?”

A YOUNG LADY at Plover, Wisconsin, has shown herself an earnest, constant friend of The Lily. We will send her copy of “Caste” as a token of our appreciation of her endeavors. She gives us a pleasant description of her western home; says it is a beautiful, and what is of vast importance to those who meditate removing west, an exceedingly healthful location, and ends by sending a hearty invitation to the Eastern people looking westward for homes, to “come to Plover, Portage Co., Wisconsin,” and if they “are not suited contentment is not an element of their disposition.”

An old Scotch proverb says, with much truth, “Better keep the devil out, than turn him out.”

For The Lily.

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:—Woman's voice upon the prairies ever is not altogether silent.—Mrs. Tracy Cutler, the good and gifted, amongst others is speaking effectually for Freedom in our land. She is now agent for the National Kansas Aid Society, and left here for Princeton. She comes to us indeed with a voice of eloquence, and he who can listen to her without having his feelings aroused for the sufferings of those in a sister territory, or has not his blood stirred with indignation at the recital of wrongs and outrages committed upon the homes and the inmates in Kansas, and who feels no emotion at the recital of all the horrors of war, under which our country now labors; I say, he who can rest calm and undisturbed must have a heart as hard as adamant rock.

Mrs. C. proposes to have women form organizations with the now existing Fremont Clubs, acting in concert with them, or separate from them as the people may choose, in their respective towns.

These organizations are more especially to raise funds to assist in maintaining Free State men in Kansas, until the struggle is over. By latest advice, and from the opinion of reliable men, we are able to conclude that if the men who are now scattered in Kansas can be maintained, together with those who are constantly emigrating there—if they can be supported through the present winter, so they need not be compelled to flee for life, Kansas will be free.

It is well known that the country has for months been infested with a band of robbers, committing depredations and outrages unparalleled in the annals of history, and many families are left entirely destitute of both food and clothing, so that if assistance is not sent them they will be compelled to leave. This is part of the "border ruffian" plot, to force the settlers to leave, in order that they may maintain existence. Then, while the men are sending emigrants to settle in that State, to increase the actual population, how very befitting that the women of the North should rise up and contribute their mites towards forwarding this noble cause. True, we cannot ask women to give, they do not hold the power and have not the means; but Mrs. C. says, that women can turn beggars; they can form some plot or scheme by which they can raise their hundreds and thousands to aid their suffering sisters, who, added to the common vicissitudes of pioneer life, suffer from all the evils and enormities common to a savage nation.

In this place there is to be a mass meeting, on the 17th of Oct., when it is proposed that the ladies shall form themselves into a club, or an organization, if you please, and upon that day furnish the multitude with sustenance for their physical nature. In other words, spread a great banquet; sending the proceeds to Kansas, thus doing practically what the men do theoretically. The men will preach and the women labor—trusting each will do much for freedom if not for Fremont.

This experiment for preparing a dinner was tried at Beloit, Wis., a short time since, and I believe the proceeds was something over \$500.00—amply rewarding them for the time and trouble they had expended.

And why may not other places follow their example? Cannot the ladies of any town and vicinity where there is a convention to be held, per-take sufficiently of the patriotism of their husbands and brothers, to add their sustaining influence to the cause? Men will get hungry and they will eat, and if you do not see to it; that they patronize freedom, ten chances to one they do not find some saloon or groggery whereby they will ruin themselves and their families and perchance detract ten-fold from the good cause of temperance.

Then there are thousands other ways by which funds might be raised—clothing of all description might be sent, and in every way see that the hungry are fed and the naked are clothed, so that this great question of slavery extension is decided.

Readers of The Lily; women who are laboring for your rights, now is an opportunity to exercise them. No Fremont men—no humane man will say you shall not labor for this cause—yea, he even invites and pleads for your assistance in this

great struggle for freedom. Will you withhold it? Shall it be said that the victory was lost because woman, warm in sympathies and stirring in her enthusiasm, sat an idle spectator of the struggle? Must the clanking chains and cracking whips of slavery echo upon the plains of Kansas because woman was inactive? Has the piercing shriek of the slave mother—the agonizing heart of the fallen, wretched sister of the South no plea for you to arouse you to labor "while the day lasts?"—Shall the slave driver pollute the virgin soil of "America's fair Italy?" Sister hast thou a duty?—ponder well and shrink not and "whatsoever thou doest do quickly." A. B.

Mendota, Ills., Sep. 24th, 1856.

From the Phrenological Journal.
Science of Sound.

It is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a distance. Thus if we approach within a mile or two of the town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but most distinctly the organ, and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, Amati, be played by the side of a modern, the latter will sound much the louder of the two, but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Durham, states that at Gibraltar, the human voice was heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well-known fact that the human voice is heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in the open plains, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which he knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far.

"This property of music in the human voice," says an author, "is strikingly shown in the cathedral abroad. Hence the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to the devotee, however placed, in the remotest part of the church; whereas if the same service had been read, the sounds would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, are those who in modulating the voice, render it the most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended as much as the formality of his discourse in the House of Commons, to send the members to dinner. "Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tone was sweet, rich and beautifully varied," says a writer, describing the orator, when he raised his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of sound; and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer and animate; and then he had a spirit-stirring note, which was perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power; then the house sunk before him. Still he was dignified; and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words, that the man was infinitely greater than the orator."

A Cosy Chat on Patching.

"Cousin Jenny won't you impart to me your secret of managing some things?"

"Why, Carry, I'm not a Freemason, or an Odd Fellow, and I have no secrets of which I am aware."

Well, Coz, I must tell you that I'm now a spy among my married friends, appropriating all the information I can pick up behind the curtain which screens the internal family arrangement from the public gaze. I shall soon have practical need of all the knowledge of this kind, that I can from careful observation scrape together—at least, this is my hope."

"Why, Carry, are you going to marry, and

leave that elegant home of yours, and the father who doats on you and lavishes every luxury upon you? Yet he isn't able to set you up in an establishment of similar style, and you must be extremely lucky if you have found any young man able to do it!"

The baby's shoes were tied and the little creature set down in unceremonious haste, and Mrs. Brooks caught up her work.

"Come, Carry, I'm all ears. I've said to husband a dozen times, 'Carry has changed; she never used to be so thoughtful. Who is he?—where did you find him?—when will it be? and where will you go?'"

"My question comes first—I claim the right of priority—answer me; afterward I'll tell you a long story. With all your large family, Jenny, you are never in a flurry with your work. Your husband never comes to you with, 'My dear, will you just sew a button on here?' or 'mend this rip?'—or 'find me a pair of whole hose?' The children's clothes are always in readiness, and with such a host of them, how can you keep their wardrobes all right? I know of families where the mending is considered a disagreeable duty, or one that can be easily put off—till it is hard finding anything perfectly in order."

"So far as my needle is concerned, Carry, I make the mending a chief thing. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' is as true as two and two make four—and it's easier to mend than make, and more economical in our circumstances. Just step into this closet. There's my large mending basket. After the wash every article is examined before distribution; if a stitch is wanted, it is laid here. In my perambulations about the house, peering into closets and drawers, if I find anything that wants fixing—needing new bands, or collars, or half sleeves, or elbows—it is laid here. Those three bags, one labelled 'colored pieces,' another 'white and another 'woolen,' contain only pieces of garments in present wear, or such as I am constantly liable to need; so that I need not defer till I have time to go up stairs and get materials from my large piece bags; they are generally at hand. This small basket is for hosiery: in it is a needle-book of darners, thimble and scissors, and all necessary varieties of cotton and yarn. At any odd time I can catch it up and embroider away for a while, and set it back without disturbing my regular work-basket. I make it a striving point to vacate these baskets every week, and endeavor on Saturday afternoon to repair colored and white starched clothes; it is easier, and prevents their being rumpled after ironing. There, now! say thank you, and tell me—hark! sleigh-bells in the lane, and there comes dear Mrs. Merton! Carry, dear, draw the large rocker out of the parlor, while I replenish the fire. Now, Carry, consider your 'brain pan an empty hull;' you'll learn more from that dear good old lady in an afternoon visit, than from a whole month of your ordinary calls—I mean of things that relate to internal life, and the practical duties of outer life. She has a vast store of long life experience and observation stored in her well balanced and well informed mind, and you may be sure I draw all I can therefrom. I call her mother in this my adopted state."

—Ladies Enterprise.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

For The Lily.

Journal of a Day.

"We eat, we drink, we sleep; what then?
Why, eat, and drink, and sleep again."

I am not the sole occupant of this Cottage. There is a tenant, in the cellar, for whom rent-day has no terror. It is a toad, of grave dignified demeanour, and aldermanic proportions. He is not beautiful—this toad; but then there is such an air of aristocratic repose in his manner, that he might be studied as a model of Drawing-room etiquette. But see! "his trance is gone," he becomes animated; he is no longer the elegant gentleman of leisure, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, but a Wall street stock-jobber, in hot pursuit of a profitable investment. A horn-bug, and such a horn-bug as only a "great country" can produce, has made its appearance in dangerous proximity, and doubtless the epicurean toad is hoping soon to feast on the delicious morsel. Oh! gourmand, look ere you leap; should he transfix you; with those wicked looking forceps, you would find him no humbug. After the lapse of some hours I return to the cellar; my landlady seems paying it a domiciliary visit; ferreting in nooks and corners. In a *patois* of Alsace? Baden? (*qu'en sais-je?*) and imperfect English, she makes me comprehend that she is searching for the "little beast that hops," and that her intentions were murderous. "But ma'am," I expostulated, "toads are not only harmless, but a positive benefit to your garden, by destroying insects." This was greek to the Alsatian Matron, "forstay nix," she understood nothing. "Toads," cried I, gesticulating a-la-Demosthenes, "eat-bug-in-garden!" Meantime, the little beast, like a prudent person, foreseeing evil, had hid himself. His doom, probably, like that of mortals, is only deferred, not averted.

This evening the sun was making a 'golden set,' and his departing beams were gilding the costly mansion, and miserable hovel, as I passed beneath the lofty walls of a Convent. From behind its closed *jealousies* issued a continued sound of many voices, reciting, probably, the Vesper service. I sat down my basket and paused to listen. Here, then, is an Institution of the middle ages, but where are the accompaniments which should surround it? Here are no Feudal Castles, no ruined towers, no frowning Alps, no cowed monk stealing at midnight thro' the mysterious cloisters, on some dark errand of crime or passion; none of the associations of poetry or romance, with which my youthful fancy had invested these venerable structures which have existed so many centuries.

Meantime, now, as then, up there, behind that impassible barrier, human hearts are beating forever, in the same equable pulsation, unagitated by worldly hopes, or passions, or emotions. Is it so, Oh ye (so called) "brides of heaven?" Does the cry of the agonized heart, "Implora Pace," there receive a propitious answer? The dark enigma of Life, does it there find its happy solution? Or is this waveless calm only monotony—Stagnation? Is it but the repose of hearts which have ceased to struggle because they have ceased to hope?

And the "fast" man in equipage, glittering with varnish and gilding, his horses spurning the dust, as he dashes past these walls, inveighs, "in good set terms," against the cruelty of shutting up young women in Convents. He goes home and for a small offence turns his servant into the street, with no more care for her soul, or body, than if she had

neither. He goes into his store, and grinds down the poor shirt makers to starvation prices; yet he bestows a handsome donation to Foreign Missions, for the suppression of the infanticide of female children in India, China, and the South Seas, and thanks God devoutly, that his daughters are not strong-minded, and never go out of their sphere. Meantime, his speculations are too fast, and too far. The house of Nuggit & Co., have stopped payment—have failed. His daughters, unprepared for the battle of life, are thrown on the grudging charities of the World. And thus it is ever. In yonder hot and dusty city are the victims of bigotted opinion, false customs, and a vicious condition of society. Here, immured in walls of brick and stone, are the victims of superstition!

Oh! Sun of Righteousness! arise with healing on thy wings; dispel the darkness which broods over the world, the gross darkness which envelopes the people!

August, 1859.

LEONIE.

For The Lily.

Miss Filkins on the Stump for Fremont.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—I have been greatly interested in a letter recently received from Carrie D. Filkins, and feeling that it is too good to be lost, and that it will afford as great pleasure to your numerous readers as to myself to know that women are forcing their way into the political field, I send the following for publication in THE LILY. Miss Filkins was formerly a resident of New York, and an agent of the Woman's State Temperance Society. She has now made a home in Illinois. She is constantly in the lecturing field—her subject usually *temperance*; but the importance of the present crisis has led her to devote her time and talents for a few months to the cause of freedom and Free Kansas. May her labors be blessed and her hopes gratified, by seeing the "Pathfinder of Empire" placed at the helm of the "old ship of State." Yours for Freedom and Fremont.

AMELIA BLOOMER.

Montgomery Co, Ind, Aug 26, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—How goes the world with you? Does the spray of the storm on and over Kansas dash at your feet? or are you so high you only hear the moanings of the wild winds, and start at the creaking of the timbers in the old Ship of State? Here we almost think she will founder and go down. The only hope is that a new helmsman and commander-in-chief may be obtained—one of iron will and lofty bearing, who can ease her away, take in the sails, throw overboard the Jonahs with the ballast, and run before the storm into the harbor of Common Sense. Then, and only then, will "equal and exact justice be to all men." With this last hope we are bending every energy to secure the election of the Pathfinder of Empire—hoping he, in his next voyage of discovery, may find the soundings of that antique document, the Constitution of the United States of America! If so, we are safe! If so, the glorious sunshine will come out, and all the world will rejoice!

Mrs. Bloomer, this campaign is well for woman. Men are glad to welcome her to the political arena—well knowing that her womanly arguments and pathos, will touch a cord which they can never reach. May we not hope this will prepare the way for her enfranchisement? I do. If you only could come down here to some of our mass meetings it would do your soul good! Just think of it, in places where six months ago ministers would not read a notice for a lady to talk temperance, now they announce from the pulpit that she will make political speeches—and more, urge the people to go and hear her!

Since the 1st of July I have spoken every day save two; and shall continue through the campaign. I am to speak at a mass meeting on the 31st, where Cassius M. Clay, Mr. Burlingame, T. C. Day, of Ohio, and others are to be present. I am canvassing this county by towns—speak in the day time, in the open air, to from three hundred to

three thousand people, and am sure of winning votes, and waking up the women to a true sense of the importance of their position as daughters of "Uncle Sam." Mrs. Cutler of Illinois, is also in the field, in Ohio. * * * *

Yours, for the good and true,

CARRIE D. FILKINS.

Since I received the above letter I have cut from an Indiana paper the following flattering notice of Miss Filkins. After giving a list of appointments for her to speak at eight or ten different places, "upon the political issues of the day," the writer goes on to notice her as follows:

"Let there be a general turn out to these meetings of all parties and sexes. It will pay and no mistake. This Lady's addresses are worthy the attention, the careful consideration and scrutiny of our most learned and patriotic citizens. Logical and consistent in her arrangement—clear and concise in argument—historically correct in her quotations—pathetic and touching in her appeal to the conscience—in short, fluent, sublime and chaste in all her argument. We have seldom, if ever, heard her surpassed by any popular orator, and certainly never equaled by any of her own sex."

After the election Miss Filkins will resume her labors in the cause of temperance and Woman's Rights. She contemplates visiting Iowa, and I hope to have the pleasure of welcoming her to our Bluff City sometime during the fall or winter.

A. B.

For The Lily.

RICHMOND, October, 1856.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:—I was much interested in reading a letter in your last issue from M. C. K. A., (if I mistake not the initials) one of my college classmates. Her spirit seems active and earnest, as when, full of hope and anticipation, we pursued together the rugged paths of medical science; and tho' the realities of practice may have abated in some measure, the enthusiasm of those days, yet every day's experience but deepens the conviction that woman is performing her true mission when ministering as physician at the couch of sickness, and restoring peace and comfort to those who are afflicted. And tho' I had lost sight of my friend for several years, yet, judging from her aptness and devotion as a student, I anticipate for her a useful professional career. But how I wish that all your correspondents would profit by the suggestions of Mrs. Bronson, and let us have their true names, that we should be at no loss to recognize our friends. Let us know each other; reformers need to know each other—we need to know on whom to depend for sympathy and counsel in this world of labor and toil. Let us write nothing but our own honest convictions, and then not fear to let our names be known. In this way we can better share the responsibility which would otherwise rest on our Editor, who, while her soul is deeply imbued with the sacredness of her mission—while she is daily making sacrifices for the prosperity of the work to which her life is devoted, she feels as all other women do, when they step aside from the beaten track into broader and more diversified fields of labor, that she needs the sustaining, co-operative aid of woman. And she justly merits the assurance that her labor for the promulgation of truth, are appreciated by those to whom the practical application of those truths will prove in every way inestimable blessings. Then shall she not have the more efficient aid of her sisters who are interested in the success of this philanthropic movement? Shall not the circulation of The Lily next year, be doubled? Let women, who profess to be interested in the elevation of the race, evince their sincerity by sustaining their co-laborers in the work, as "faith without works is dead," so profession

without correspondent practice is an empty bubble, that will sooner or later burst on the head of its deluded victim. Woman, to be true to woman, must live up to her highest conceptions of right; she must cultivate an honest purity of feeling, an interior conscious self-dependence, this alone will secure freedom of thought and action.

And every woman who is endeavoring to loose the burnished links which have so long fettered the mental and physical development of her sex, has claims upon the active sympathy of every true woman's soul. Oh! that all women could so feel this—that they would be true to each other; then should we present to the world an unbroken phalanx, at which the shafts of calumny and prejudice would be hurled in vain, then the day of woman's redemption would draw nigh.

Yours, M. F. THOMAS.

For The Lily.

All About The Mutes,

By JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

There is a deaf and dumb man in North Carolina, who, besides being an agriculturist, fills the office of Postmaster. A mute postmaster! But this is not all. A semi-mute, formerly a pupil of the New York Institute, publishes a weekly newspaper in Iowa, and also holds the office of Postmaster. A mute in New Orleans, who came to this country from Portugal when quite a young man, has recently received his commission of Lieutenant-colonel. His name is Phillips.

To speak of oneself to the neglect of everything else is a bad thing, I know; But I crave your permission to relate an adventure of mine, for once. I must say at the start, that the maiden name of my wife—she, who, by the way, figures to-day for the first time in the columns of *The Lily* as the author of "Fragments of History"—was Kerr. We were on a visit to our relatives in Lewistown, Pa. I was introduced to a worthy mechanic, who had a son deaf and dumb. He asked me in writing if I "knew Miss Carr, a deaf lady?" I said no. He repeated, "do you know Miss Carr, now assistant teacher in your Institution?" "Miss Carr, herself deaf and dumb, a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institute!" thought I. "Surely no female has ever been employed there in that capacity since I saw the light. But this man says that Miss Carr is employed as an assistant teacher in the Institute. Bless me, I know nothing of her." I told the mechanic that I had never heard of such a person. My amazement was increased tenfold when he mentioned her marriage with a mute teacher. I taxed my wits to find out who the "Miss Carr" of the mechanic was; but it was no go until I told my wife what had passed between my friend and me. She burst into a fit of laughter, and from her I learned that "Miss Carr" was no other than my own wife. Never till then had I known that Kerr was sometimes pronounced Carr.

Your sincerely,

JOSEPH MOUNT.

THE PROMETIC DEW DROP.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up with his wrath." Soon after came rain and rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stands the dew-drops gloriously beset—a glittering jewelry in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth, blooms again in heaven. Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the moraing brightness of his earthly wisdom, was exhaled like a dew-drop, in Heaven.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

For The Lily.

Fragments of History, NUMBER ONE.

BY LIZZIE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

CHALIDONIS, daughter of Scotechidas, was married to Cleomus, son of Cleomenes II king of Sparta. Her former husband was Agis, king of Sparta. Cleomus was hated by the Lacedymonians, by reason of his violent temper. They gave the Royal authority to Atreus, his brother's son—Chalidonis despised him. She loved Atreus' son, a beautiful youth named Serotatus. Cleomus left Lacedymon in anger, and went to implore Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, to make war against the Lacedymonians. Pyrrhus marched against the city with a large army, but was driven back. During his approach the Spartans had resolved to send the women by night to Creta for safety; but Archidamia came into the Senate, sword in hand, complaining that they were thought capable of surviving the destruction of their beloved country. The women worked hard all night on the abutment, with the exception of Chalidonis, who put a rope around her neck, determined not to fall into the hands of her husband. Serotatus did wonders, and was received with great splendor on his return to the city as a conqueror. The city was saved chiefly by the heroism of the women. Chalidonis lived about 200 B. C.

The Nightingale's Return.

Most blessed things come silently, and silently depart;
Noiselessly steals Spring-time in the year, and comfort
on the heart;
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must
be,
To quicken seed in furrow and blossom upon tree.

Nile has its foaming rapids, freshets from mountain snows;
But where his stream breeds fruitfulness, serene and
calm its flows;
And where he over-brims, to cheer its banks on either
side,
You scarce can mark, so gradual, the swelling of his tide.

The wings of angels make no stir, as they ply their
works of love;
But by the balm they shed around, we know them that
they move.
God spake not in the thunder, nor the mighty rushing
blast;
His utterance was in the still small voice, that came at
last.

So she, our sweet Saint Florence, modest, and still and
calm,
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of martyr's
palm,
To the place of plague and famine, foulness, and wounds,
and pain,
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns again.

No shouting crowds about her path, no multitudes hot
breath,
To feed with wind of vanity the doubtful fires of faith;
Her paths by hands official all unsmoothed, her aims
descried
By the Levites who, when need was, passed on the other
side.

When titles, pensions, orders, with random hand are
showered,
'Tis well that, save with blessings, she still should walk
undowered.
What title like her own sweet name, with the music all
her own?
What order like the halo by her good deeds around her
thrown.

Like her own bird—all voiceless while the daylight
songsters trill,
Sweet singer in the darkness: when all songs else are
still—
She on that night of suffering that chilled other hearts
to stone,
Came with her soft step and gentle speech, yet wise and
firm of tone.

Think of the prayers for her, that to the praying heart
came back,
In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring upon her
track;
The comfort of her graciousness to those whose road to
death
Was dark and doubtful, till she showed the light of love
and faith.
Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen; she demands
No greeting from our braken throats and vulgar clapping
hands.
Leave her to the still comfort the saints know that have
striven.
What are our earthly honours? Her honours are in heaven.
—PUNCH.

For The Lily.

If I was only a Man I would do Something.

BY GEORGE W. KNAPE.

What are you about woman? committing a *felo de se*, as a lawyer would say? admitting the very thing claimed by your opponents against you, viz: that your sex incapacitates you to do or accomplish what man can do? If you were only a man you could do something, ah! If that is your doctrine you may as well give up all pretensions to any thing like a claim to equality with man. In fact, the sentiment is of itself an admission of incapacity and inferiority. You admit that it is your sex that prevents you from doing. Now one of two things must be certain, you either admit you have not the capacity or ability of the masculine gender; or that, if you have it, your sex disqualifies you from exercising it, either of which is equivalent to an admission of all your opponents claim.

"But," perhaps you say, "it is not owing to any incapacity or disqualification of sex that prevents me from acting; it is the deadly incubus of custom and established usage, which forbids woman to take any active and prominent part in public affairs, or in the elevation of the race, that prevents me from acting and palsies my nerves." We readily admit that woman's path to activity and usefulness is beset with many obstacles and impediments, which to those of too sensitive and undeveloped a spirit, appear almost insurmountable. But to sit despairingly down under the load will never help you out of the difficulty. The greater the obstacles to be overcome, the higher your spirit and determination should rise, till it overtops the most lofty. If the All-wise has not given you the power and ability to overcome all the obstacles of your path and place you on an equality with man, He never designed you should occupy such a plane of equality. His means are always adapted to his ends, and when adequate means to accomplish a given end are not given, we may rest assured he never designed that that end should be accomplished.

The obstacles, too, which now beset your path are not greater than in former days beset the paths of the mass of men. But a century has elapsed since the "divine right of kings" was as much claimed and believed in as is now the divine right of men. The mass were then considered as only hewers of wood and drawers of water; the "privileged classes" were the only ones worthy of note or consideration. But they struggled against the barriers which opposed them, and have in this country established the doctrine of the equality of all mankind.

So it is with you, you must come up through the same "tribulation"—must be tried in the fire and be purified of all dross,—must "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." And as none is pure gold but that which can stand the test of fires, so none are capable of maintaining an equality with others unless they can themselves first establish that condition. The world as at present constituted, is far too selfish to help you up; you must rise by your own inherent strength. If you have not the power in yourself to give the equality claimed, it will be a long time before you can acquire it, till the world is wiser and better than at present. But there are those who have the will to rise superior to the barriers and obstacles of custom and established usage, and to do in the present crisis even though they are women, which you seem to think incapacitates you. The truth is, in short, that the fact that they are women gives them a much greater influence and power to accomplish the desired result than they would otherwise have.

From the Ladies' Enterprise.

The Excellent of Earth.

BY IVY STARR.

"She made my home the pleasantest spot on earth, to me."—Dr. Chapin.

Listen to this ye wives of to-day who spend your mornings in slumbering, your afternoons in idle promenade and your nights at theatres and balls; who look upon your unfortunate

partners as very inconvenient but necessary appendages to a fine establishment, and spend the money they earn, to make yourselves attractive in other eyes, that they may grow green with jealousy.

Oh, you needn't blush behind your paint, and clutch at your gold chains! I say that in nine cases out of ten, a man might be saved from ruin, by a good wife, not a gay handsome advertisement of dry goods, but,

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn to comfort and command."

"How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary, and the gallows every year, had he been blessed with such a wife."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Noble woman! her tombstone should bear her husband's testimony when he says "now she is gone my worldly loss is perfect." Her lot had not been an easy one; she had struggled with difficulties and surmounted them, had fulfilled her mission, and now enjoys her reward. Had she done no other earthly good, it was enough that she made one of God's creatures happy, through a life time, and a good wife, is a good mother, a true friend, and self-denying christian—she is the sun and centre of the domestic system.

There are many such! their deeds are traced on imperishable tablets.

OUR LITTLE MATTIE.

BY MARTHA BODD.

She is very dear to me, my little brown eyed Mattie. Very bright is our home, since she illuminated it with the radiance of her cherub smiles. I have heard mothers say, "Oh what a plague these children are. How happy is such and such an one, not to be troubled with them."

Then I think, oh mother, ye cannot have known what it is to bury those same little troubles out of your sight. You have never had the light of home darkened by the wing of the death angel. I have known what it is to suffer such eclipse; and now that joy, snail-footed, has crept back to our household, I will lift the sorrow-darkened curtain of the past, and let you look within, on my four little graves—you mothers! who are wont to consider these little cherubs more as a care than a blessing. I am young yet, only thirty, yet, what ages of joy and sorrow have I lived in the past ten years. It is wonderful, how much the human heart can suffer and yet not break.

It is just ten years since my life was made full, complete, by the gift of my first-born son, my beautiful. I will not give you his earth-name. It is enough that he is named an angel above. He was always a delicate, spiritual-looking child, with golden hair, and eyes of heaven's own lightness. For twenty months he was left to brighten my pathway, and then, on a sweet spring evening, God called him heavenward, and kind friends whispered to me, and said, "Weep not."

He hath gone home, that little one. Then, for the first time, I knew the bitterness of death. I had buried friends, but this was my child—myself. Why should he die? How many times I had pictured to myself what he would be to me in the years that were to come. But now; how at the first my heart rebelled against the Good Shepherd, who had folded my lamb away, and how, afterward, I blessed him, that he had hidden him from the storms, "safe from temptations, safe from sin's pollution."

Years passed, and one after another, three

darling boys were given me. How I loved them! My angel child was never forgotten. His little grave was daily visited, and I taught my other babes little stories of their brother in the skies. They were all three, strong, vigorous children. They could not die—they would be as a tower of strength to me in my old days. But alas! an epidemic broke out in the neighborhood. My eldest boy, then six years old, was among the first victims, and in three weeks I was again childless.—Oh! who can picture the despair, the dumb agony of those dreadful days. He had died—they were all dead. Then why should any body live, and why should mothers come to console me with their babes in their arms, their little ones by their sides? Was I not childless? Had life any thing more to offer? How the sunshine was all blotted out of my pathway! how the thorns pierced my weary feet, and I longed to be with them, "at home and at rest."

How still the house was now, which only three weeks before had echoed to their joyous shouts. How slowly the months crept away, until a year had passed, when our little Mattie came, an angel of blessing and light. She is my only one, and I hold her as a lent treasure.

She too may leave me—"One only gives, One only takes away;" but whether she is music on earth, or in the better land, I can but think she is a treasure, a blessing, to be very patiently guided, very tenderly nurtured for the Lord.

Oh, mothers! be gentle, be patient. Do not consider your little ones a trouble. Love them, guide them while ye may, train them for heaven, that at last ye may sing praises together around the throne of the Lamb.

Miss Jessie Meriton White has applied at King's College, London, to become a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. The senate have submitted the case for the opinion of her counsel.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very drunk, "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine-cellar into your book-cellar."

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